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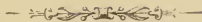


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Poems and Songs :

BY

William Moore Dox.



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Poems.



P O E M S .

Henry and Rose.

THEIR home was nestled in a wood,
A cottage deck'd in ivy green,
And, looking down, with foliage crown
Famed Crookston might be seen.
And close by was the old meal mill,
Whose sound oft charm'd mine ear,
While heard o'er all its water fall,
Down the Cart's bank tumbling clear.

In childhood they were often seen
Climbing up the daisy hill,
Or as they sat together, at
Cardonald's murmuring rill.
They made a garland of the flowers,
Or wove them through their hair;

When summer heat, they bathed their feet,
Or search'd for pebbles rare.

When school days came they parted not,
As one they enter'd there,
Same task to learn, same master stern,
On one form sat this pair.
Her little champion stood he,
When any would her wrong,
And she would glide towards his side,
Sure of a fortress strong.

A little band they used to go,
Through wood and lonely glen,
And search with glee each bush and tree
That would arrest their ken.
And he was foremost of the band,
And she the favoured one,
The dearest nest, the wild fruit best,
Were her's, when all was done.

And Henry grew a noble boy,
And Rose a lovely girl,
His dark eye's fire would much admire
Her hair of golden curl.
And her blue eyes would dance with joy
When Henry would draw near,
And as they gazed in either's face
They felt each other dear.

The days roll on, young Henry quits
His home, where nature smiled ;
'Tis fit that he the world should see,
So to the town he's wiled.
He gives a lingering parting look,
Then proudly forth he goes,
Not missing a fond parent's blessing,
Nor parting kiss from Rose.

And he return'd a handsome youth,
With firm and modest air,
And fair Rose stood in womanhood,
And pure as she was fair.
And sanguine he in all his hopes,
For now he was advanced—
Before his sight were visions bright,
With joy his dark eyes glanced.

She saw him full of happiness,
Her step felt lighter then,
Again they sought the woodland spot,
The bower and rugged glen.
And how they mused, as tree and flower
Brought other days to mind,
Tho' silence rule their hearts are full,
Deep language, tho' confined.

They're sitting by Cardonald's rill,
Their souls wrapped in the scene,

In the glowing west the sun to rest
Retiringly is seen.

A vow has passed their ruby lips,
She's to his bosom prest;
The nightingale takes up the tale,
And Heaven its truth will test.

His visit ends, when he returns
Next summer to the glen,
He'll claim, with pride, his promis'd bride,
But they must part till then.
They're standing by Cardonald bridge,
The stage appears in view,
Those young hearts part, so free of art,
But kiss, and look, adieu.

Now Henry moves in busy scenes,
Assiduous to please ;
And while he toils, Dame Fortune smiles,
And fans a favouring breeze,
That's wafting to prosperity
This youth so loved by all ;
Now is the time to make Rose thine,—
The brightest star may fall.

A magnet she to fix in good
The Henry she adores ;
Youth feels so strong, the friend is wrong
While good advice he pours

Into such ear, and yet how oft
That strength is built upon
Stubble or hay, which burns away,
When passion rages strong.

And Henry would be richer ere
He made dear Rose his wife,
Have more sense, and more influence,
See something more of life.
Soon invitations he receives
To balls and parties gay,
At first he's proof, and stands aloof,
But by degrees gives way.

Where many a light is burning bright,
With music pealing through the air,
Where the dance and song, all night long,
Is led by maidens fair.
The flatter cheap of the lady's man
Falls softly on the ear,
Breasts rather bare are heaving there,
While scandal whispers near.

There Henry moves with all his soul,
His aim is there to shine,
He makes it tell on the party's belle,
And the toasts he gives o'er the wine.
Soon loose and vain associates
Surround him with their wiles,

He's led away, becomes their prey,
In midst of fawning smiles.

The flowing bowl, the gambler's tricks,
The lewd lascivious jest,
The sceptic's views, deep oaths profuse,
For all he has a zest.
Indulging in illicit love,
Fine feelings soon gave way ;
In life and name he now became
A hardened debauchee.

Was Henry free of all good thoughts ?
Ah, no ! oft when alone
He felt remorse—a virtuous course
He wished again his own.
But strong and stronger grew the chain
That dragged him vice to seek ;
'Twere vain to tell how Henry fell—
Humanity is weak.

A face is pale in yonder glen,
Tears fill the weary eye,
And on the ear, for every tear,
Falls many a heavy sigh.
With fragile form, supporting one
Whom age and sorrow knows,—
O God, be near, look down, and cheer
His mother and his Rose !

The door is shut at midnight hour
On Henry's guilty face,
And he is made to feel the shade
Of misery and disgrace.
“Those dear at home I will not see
Until I find employ;”
And as they rise before his eyes,
He weeps just like a boy.

A couch is near a lattice spread,
That looks to yonder glen,
And placed thereon the form of one
Whose sweet face you may ken.
A melancholy ray o'ercasts
Those beautiful blue eyes,
And now is seen a smile serene,
She looks towards the skies.

“Father of mercy, hear my prayer,
Win Henry to thy love,
Forgive him sin, may we meet in
The blessed realms above.
Mother (for such you've been to me)
Give Henry dear this Book;”
The soft breeze murmurs through the trees,
And Rose gives her last look.

In merry mood was Henry found,
He heard Rose was no more,

The maddening cup was raised up,
It fell upon the floor.
And he rushed forth from wit and wine,
Dare I presume to tell,
Can my words show his deep dark woe,
Compare it but to hell.

He's standing on a new made grave,
Ah! what a wreck is he,
Is that the youth whose look was truth,
Whose heart was warm and free.
His eye looks wild on yon dark cloud,
He wishes it to fall,
And crush him dead, on the cold bed
Of his once fair dear all.

A thin weak form, with haggard face,
Slow moving through the dew,
Is often seen, when shades of e'en
Paints sky a darker blue.
The Book of books is in his hand,
And deep within his heart,
A holy fire, ne'er to expire ;
Sure Rose's prayer is heard.

The village maidens often go
When flowers are in their bloom,
And with sad air they gather there,
To scatter on a tomb.

A modest stone marks out the spot,
A weeping willow grows,
Whose branches wave over the grave
Of Henry and his Rose.

Street Music.

It falls on the ear of each passer by,
Whate'er be the mood they are in,
Stirring up scenes in the heart that lie,
All midst the city's loud din.
Stopping the hastening one, fixing the listening one,
Oft 'tis a genuine strain,
Breathed from the soul of the musician,
Creating love, pity, or pain.

The poor may approach without money or dress,
And so may the street child of sin,
In the crowd, too, respectables earnestly press,
While sweet o'er the city's loud din
The soft music rolls, making kinder the heart,
And looks getting kinder the while;
Has it not oft been mark'd, as those listeners depart,
'Tis with more of an affable smile.

What different aspects our street minstrels wear,
How meanly clad some, and some others so spree,
A face oft expressing the words and the air,
While another looks quite the expectant bawbee.
With all its drawbacks, our street music, I say,
Has an influence great and divine,
Arresting the straggler, stealing its way
To his heart, where it oft will entwine.

It has been known, too, for the high-born reduced,
To be forced thus to act in disguise:
There are few who have not at some time been induced,
From the pale face and grief-settled eyes,
To draw near, and in listening to feel for such ones,
And in feeling to give them help too ;
The so cast-down look, and the trembling voice,
May have come from a heart that is true.

The drunkard reels past, but the sound of a song
Has stopp'd him, it makes him turn round,
He is chain'd to the spot as the words move along,
He is sober'd, and keeps firm his ground.
It has kindled the spark of a self-respect
From out of remorse and deep pain;
Who knows, or can tell, how much all are in debt
To such songs as "The Drunkard's Ragget Wean."

The stranger, when far from his native land,
Through the busy streets lonely will roam,

Hailing with pleasure our street music band,
As it pours on his ear "Home, Sweet Home."
Has it not power to bring dear ones before us,
The star of our heart, or the mother we love,
Sisters who spread their sweet influence o'er us,
The well tested friend, the pure spirits above.

O yes ! 'tis the key to our soul's better part,
Opening the storehouse of memories sweet,
Tears in our eyes spontaneously start,
With tender emotions our hearts softly beat.
And forms that once gracefully moved in our sight,
And voices whose sound made our breasts warmly thrill,
We see them, and hear them, all living and bright,
Tho' wrapp'd in the grave they be mute now and still.

To poets, street music is a feast stimulating,
Brightening the pictures in fancy's fair hall,
Swiftening the wing of imagination,
Bringing before them the authors of all
Those old plaintive lays and songs of the people,
Strengthening their wish to be one of that band—
That glorious band, so beloved by the people—
The inspired of God, the refined of our land.

A Robin Redbreast Pursued by a Hawk,

FLEW INTO MY BOSOM.

Sadness creeping o'er me,
I'll walk out in the air,
My dear familiar path
May wean me from this care.
My feet now tread the sward,
I see the yellow broom,
And chirping birds I hear,
Yet still I am in gloom.

My thoughts are now with man,
'Tis man that vexes me ;
Those worthy of the name,
How very few they be.
O ! why will man to man
So treacherously play,—
Dependent beings all,
Forgetting unity.

The unsuspecting one
His feelings oft pourtray,

Which falls on greedy ear,
That listens to betray.
The pang they then inflict
They ne'er were made to feel,
The heart alone that bleeds
Has felt this world's cold steel.

Where can I find one soul
In unison with mine,
Engraft, if such there is,
Dear Providence Divine.
Come hither you that pine
For happiness like this,
Mind will soar, we will have
A taste of heavenly bliss.

While musing thus, I saw,
Some distance in the air,
A hawk and little bird :
I watched the eager pair.
The hawk was near its prey,
A heavy breath I drew,
Trembling for little bird,
Into my breast it flew.

And how it fluttered there,
Methought it would have died;
Fear not, thou now art safe;
Beneath my vest I pryed,

The little bird lay snug,
And heeded not to flee ;
The dear relying bird
Had confidence in me.

A ray of hope it brought,—
I'll not despond tho' man
Should not appreciate
What God in mind did plan.
Like this little redbreast
Safely lodged within,
On earth I yet may find
Some breast to nestle in.

The Sound of the Gong.

It seemed so very strange to me
To sound at two o'clock,
In a strange place, and my first day
Of being with strange folk.
An earnest conversation, too,
My friends and I were at,
No wonder than I started up,
And roared "Halloo! what's that."

My friends were too polite to show
That they took this amiss,
And one said, "O I see, no doubt
You are surprised at this :
I was myself some years ago,
When first I came out here :
That gong, when sounding," says my friend,
"Our dinner hour is near.

A welcome sound you must allow,
If appetites are keen;
Come dine with us at our hotel,
You'll see, and there be seen.
The gong aye sounds before the hour,
To give a little time
For preparation, for we all
At one long table dine."

"Well this indeed is new to me,
Instead of ringing bells
You beat the gong, so loud and strong,
To summon us to meals.
Gongs aye to me associate
Some rare sights to be seen,
A monkey or a dancing bear,
Or shows on Glasgow Green."

You see gents step from barber's shop,
Those moments now are gone,

The price of time a shining head
Which smells strong of Cologne.
Some ladies may sit opposite,
Of course they wish to be
As well to look at in their eyes
As any they may see.

Here comes the negro with the gong,
A queer looking fellow,
In large checked pinafore, with bub,
And jacket of bright yellow.
How lustily he beats the gong,
Showing his white teeth plain,
Inquisitively looking round,—
O, hush ! he sounds again.

What great effect that gong must have,
The busy noise has ceased,
And look here how those young men walk
So hurriedly to feast.
In the passage, and up the stairs,
You think they run a race,
Some clear two or three steps at once,
And that is no mean pace.

The table's full, we're just in time
To occupy those chairs,
The only vacant place I see,
And just in front of stares.

You need not now alarm yourself,
They're looking on their plate,
They are too much absorbed in self
To notice who are late.

Well, sure now what a noise
Of voices, fork, and knife,
And the table it is groaning
With the good things of this life.
And ladies' faces, fair and plain,
Are scattered here and there,
Employers sitting with employed,
While on the back ground there,

Darkies with clear shining skins,
And aprons white as snow,
“Yes, Massa,” “What you have, Massa?”
As they pass to and fro.
What hurried eating—very few
Half masticate their food;
Before me rises, grim and stern,
Disease, with all its brood.

Some of them use a substitute,
'Tis sparkling rich champagne—
“Your health, Sir,” “Brother Joe, your health :”
Glass after glass they drain.
Those countrymen are sure to talk,
They feel their independence,

The glory of equality
Keeps them from all pretendings.

When dinner's over you may see
All sitting in a row,
On chairs reclining 'gainst the wall,
A dozen gents, or so.
The air is scented with cigars,
The ground bedewed with spits ;
And should a lady chance to pass,
They use some criticising hits.

And some walk soberly to stores,
And some are standing still,
All busy picking at their teeth,
With toothpick or goose quill.
A look of satisfaction reigns,
The street wears such a cast,
That any one may see and know
The sound of gong has past.

Niece Diana Williamina Hannatyne.

FAIR as a rosebud,
Sweet as the blooming pea,
Sportive as lambkin
That skips o'er flowery lea.
As sly as the fox
When peeping from cover,
As coy as a maid
At sight of her lover.

Such just now,
My Niece, art thou;
But I hope
You soon will cope
With the wish
Of Uncle's heart:
Here it is—
Have but this part.

Be like the daisy
That modestly peeps forth ;
Be like the pure stream,
Whose waters are of worth.

And, my little Die,
Be like the summer breeze—
Gentle as its soft sigh:
Be thus, and thou shalt please.

On Visiting the Grave of Miss Mary Jaynes,

GREENSBORO', GEORGIA, AUGUST, 1854.

THIS is the spot; they've left me now,
And I am all alone;
Now I can kneel on this dear grave,
And gaze upon that stone.
It needed not those lines, Mary,
To tell to me thy worth,
Thine image lives within my heart,
Thy goodness gave it birth.

O'er the fresh brown earth, Mary,
The grass has not yet grown ;
Some friendly hand has planted flowers—
One violet blooms alone;

An emblem of thyself, Mary,
Tho' gone for aye thy bloom;
My love, thou now art cold and dead,
Hid from me in this tomb.

I'd like to see thy face, Mary,
Tho' pale and cold it be;
I'd like to kiss thy lips, Mary,
Tho' they can ne'er kiss me.
I know the soul has fled, Mary,
That made so bright the clay;
Thy spirit will not chide me, love,
'Tho' I now thus give way.

I little dreamt of death, Mary,
When we were last together;
'Tis true thy form was delicate,
Thy face clear as a mirror.
Thy voice was still the same, Mary,
A glorious voice to me,
So clear, and full of life, you sang,
None coupled death with thee.

Yet he was creeping near thee then,
So near, he breathed thy breath;
And the embrace I claimed as mine
Was taken by stern death.
O! it has cast a weight on me,
A shadow o'er my life;

If thou hadst but been spared, Mary,
Thou would'st have been my wife.

How fair I pictured to myself
The scenes that would arise
From our domestic life; I saw
No cloud across the skies.
Days golden bright, and jewelled nights,
Smiles sunny, whispers low,
Sweet, and confiding, and our hearts
In goodness aye to grow.

How soon those visions were destined
To pass from my frail sight ;
Thy death tale came, and I was left
In agony, with dark night.
O Mary ! I was confident
Thou would'st live with me here,
Tho' others saw in thy sweet face
The light of Heaven so near.

I know I'll miss thy look, Mary,
When the world gets false and cold;
E'en now I feel calamity
Of my heart has taken hold.
O ! who will understand me now,
Or leniently view
My idiosyncrasies
For the beautiful and true.

When troubles clutched me with deep claws
I made it known to thee;
The muse held me in close embrace,
And I longed to be free.
You whispered hope, and firmly said,
“ Cherish the spark thus given ;
It yet will brighten all your life,
And draw you nearer Heaven.”

O! could I but look up, Mary,
And feel a pious thrill
Pervade my soul, then might this breast
Unburdened be, and still.
But things of sense and earthly hue
Are far too dear to me;
How bright they come, and fill the place
Where Christian love should be.

I well could spend a hermit life,
Free from all worldly care,
So to attain that holiness
Meet for to join you there,
In Heaven; but others lean on me,
For whom I must provide ;
Those whom I wish to raise up high—
Whose welfare is my pride.

I'll have to live and toil, Mary,
And struggle all alone;

For few aid one another here —
Self marks all for its own.
But, gratifying thought to me,
Whatever be my sphere,
I still can follow Christ, and be
To you approaching near.

Something oft whispers me, Mary,
(I'll call it hope by name,)
That my life will be spared, until
I gather wealth and fame.
But I will ne'er forget thee, Mary,
Tho' pomp and pleasure reigns;
Before mine eyes shall ever rise
This grave of Mary Jaynes.

Two Scenes of Life.

ON a mossy cover'd seat,
In a woodland wild retreat,
Close beside a murmuring stream,
Obscurely hid from sunny beam,
There sat little Adam Ross,
The Bible lay his knees across,
Firmly fixed his eye to scan
God's Word of Life to fallen man.

While he reads you may perceive
His little breast give many a heave;
His soul feels what his eye sees there;
Around him breathes a holy air.
Are not good spirits hovering o'er him,
Making clear the page before him;
May not the Angel now record
A chosen servant of the Lord.

Listen to the Sabbath bell,
Sweetly sounding through yon dell;
Surrounding hills echo each chime,
Telling aloud 'tis worship time.

The people with becoming air
Towards the church are moving there,—
A heather spot of rising ground,
On slope of which the manse is found.

All now sit in expectation
Of hearing tidings of salvation:
The pastor, with deep reverence due,
Unfolds to them the message true.
Souls seem to hang on every word,
Hearts are fluttering as a bird ;
They're made to feel their gain or loss,—
The preacher's name is Adam Ross.

Written Under the Mansion House,

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA, U.S., MARCH, 1850.

Scarcely can I realise
That I am moving here,
Far, far in the sunny South,
Where things so strange appear.
It seems but yesterday I left
My Caledonian home,
And much o'er land and water
Since then I've had to roam.

Crossing the Atlantic,
Travelling roads by rail,
Rudely form'd, whose crazy line
Makes the cheek turn pale.
Here at my destined place
I'm welcomed safe and well :
The wish I have of this strange part
Some few things now to tell.

I had read of Augusta
As being built upon

The banks of the Savannah:
In fancy I look'd on
Fair scenes of richest beauty,
With ripe fruits hanging down,
A fragrant smell of spices,
Paradise birds all round.

I've now seen the Savannah,
And walk'd it up and down,
A muddy stream, bare sandy banks,
With few beauties to note down.
The city at a distance
Has a celestial air :
In sunshine sparkling whiteness
Predominates all there.

White churches with white spires,
White houses with white rails,
Court-houses and markets
All white, and e'en white jails.
The eye's relieved from whiteness
By parts all painted green—
Doors, window blinds, and chimneys,
And green gates oft are seen.

The finest street is Broad Street,
(It well might be called long,)
Extending through Augusta,
And straight as right from wrong.

Each side a row of trees
Forms a blessed shade;
So though the heat's intense,
We yet can promenade.

The store we occupy,
In centre of Broad Street,
Is large, and built of brick—
Compact enough, and neat.
We dress no windows here,
All is large and loose;
No negatives—we keep
All things for general use.

A needle to an anchor,
A grinding stone to ice,
Things for rough and ready,
Things to suit tastes nice.
No farthing worths, nor hap'orths,
But barrels and camp pails,
Marching in on woolly heads—
Such are our kind of sales.

Strange multitude of sounds :
And when one ventures out
Stranger are the sights he sees,
And strangest to make out.
The sound of falling iron,
The hammer, truck, and dray,

The music of the scraper,
Cocks crowing all the day.

In the middle of the street
Here and there a well,
Flocks of noisy geese
Making self to tell.
On small supply of water,
Their hideous cry and splash
Show plain they fight for room
To swim and cut a dash.

A negro with a barrow,
Lustily shouting "Ee,"
O hush! what is it, any how?
Fine fresh fish you see.
This walking advertisement
Stoutly rings the bell,
Showing on his breast and back,
Come to the auction sale.

Look how the barrels roll,
Boxes set down there,
On the edge of pavement
Goods pack'd and mark'd with care.
Observe that half-starved cow,
What havoc on the hay,
Not quite as good a sample now
As when at first display.

Drays are flying past us,
You hear the draymen sing,
Sometimes a negro melody,
And oft a song divine.
Now clouds of dust envelope
All this thoroughfare ;
We curl our noses, rub our eyes,
And breathe it in the air.

Here's a sight, those ladies,
What handsome forms and faces,
What eyes, what smiles, observe their walk,
Sure they have all the graces.
They may look somewhat pale—
Their sweet expression shows
Their classic features well can want
The fresh tint of the rose.

And here comes old Aunt Sarah,
That privileged negro wench,
She's got some dandy by her side,
And faith he must not flinch.
She throws her arm around his waist,
His side she pinches well,
She puts her face right close to his,—
I'm sorry for the swell.

She's bawling out 'bout politics,
The church and human nature;

She suits the action to the word,—
Her mouth's a striking feature.
When children fret, and naughty be,
Their nurses put them right
By vowing they will get Aunt Sarah
To swallow them all quite.

She's like a wizard with her staff,
Quite as tall as she is;
Her huge bright turban takes the eye,
Her head so very free is,
Nodding like some such machine,
As folks pass, or come near,
Hallooing out, or quietly saying,
“How d'ye do, my dear.”

When Yellow Jack raged here,
About ten years ago,
None left in town to nurse
The sufferers so low,
Aunt Sarah waited on,
Many lives she saved,
The white folks yet remember
The danger she then braved.

Merchants and their clerks,
You can't tell which is which,
Eating at their doors
An orange or a peach.

The skins will pelt a darkie—
 See there goes one now,
It strikes him on the cheek,
 “O Massa!” laugh and bow.

Three waggons on the street,
 In front of the hotel,
One man near each waggon,
 Their looks I like not well.
I’m right, for they are traders,
 I catch a glimpse of stock,
Huddled up in those waggons—
 God pity coloured folk.

Down, down, my spirit, down,
 I must be on my guard,
A curious crowd’s around,
 Some now look at me hard.
Foreigners are ever
 Suspected more or less,
Especially one that’s lately come—
 “ A young Scotchman, I guess.”

Now to seem free and easy,
 So soon to criticise,
I’ll play my part with any one,
 And look him in the eyes.
I know they tar and feather
 All those who interfere

With what they call their glorious
Institution. I'll steer clear.

Irishmen and Scotchmen
Are mixing with the crowd,
As much amused as any,
They laugh and joke aloud.
Habit's a second nature;
There are some who deny it;
My countrymen stand here
As if to verify it.

An ebon specimen
Of drollery and wit
Shines out from midst the youngsters,
Which gives zest to each hit.
The father of the boy
Would they but analyse,
They'd find a fiery spirit
Kindling in those dark eyes.

The mother's look; would they
That mother's look but test,
They'd find her heart is aching
'Gainst the young child at her breast.
The smartness of her boy
Has made her sad face smile,
But ah ! how soon it passes,
Leaving deeper trace the while.

A sallow raw-boned planter
Is bidding for the boy;
He's drawn from out the crowd—
Now watch how they annoy
This poor resistless youth ;
He's made to jump and run
By lashing his bare ancles,
And this to them is fun.

A chunkey, ill-kneed fellow
Steps forward, and looks at
A noble specimen of man,
Though nature's stamp'd him black.
His well form'd head and face,
Thick crop of dark crisp'd hair;
With light in his large eyes,
Warm'd by this bold man's stare.

O God! this look's not all—
With sacrilegious hands
He ope's his mouth, looks at his teeth—
As statue still he stands.
Vile man, is he a horse,
A dog, chattels, or stone,
That you thus have the power
Of making him your own?

A retributive future
I read in that dark face;

Trader beware, for though the law
Supports you in this place,
As atom he could crush you,
With his strong arm and frame;
Annihilate you with one look, .
If freedom lit the flame.

My countrymen, I feel
A pang pervade my heart
To see you act in this
So prominent a part.
Shall I too lose those feelings
Cherish'd by me so long,
Get harden'd like so many more,
Callous to right or wrong.

Now God forbid this e'er should be—
I'll look into those things,
And pray for judgment cool and clear,
That aye the sweet truth brings.
And e'er my soul I barter
For friends or worldly gain,
I'll rather bid adieu to all,
And homeward go again.

Little Willie, Named for Me.

Who has not pleasure felt when looking on
An opening rosebud, or some jewel rare,
A small bright pearl, or a diamond cut
From choicest stone with greatest care;
The dawning ray of a summer day,
The song of birds, and the playful mirth
Of lamb or kitten—all in their own way
Are boons from heaven to us sons of earth.

And such was little Willie—a precious gift,
His parents hailed him with delight;
And, as they watch'd his infancy,
New beauties ever bless'd their sight.
They pictured to themselves his youth—
Their cup now seemed full to the brim ;
One had come amongst them whom they loved,
And they would name the dear child after him.

For well that wedded pair could enter
Into the feelings of that friend,
For he, a stranger in a foreign land,
Had oft before Dame Grief to bend.

And they knew when his heart was sad—
They saw it in his open face;
When with society he mingled,
He seemed more or less out of place.

The smiles were not the smiles of home,
Cold were the voices on his ear ;
He looked into bright eyes, to find
The expression that his soul held dear.
Seldom or ever did he meet with such—
No kindred spirit ; therefore he began
To study and to look more into self—
And so the world called him a selfish man.

It may be so, for forming such opinion
They might be altogether justified;
And yet he has desires within him
For social life, and for such he has sighed.
The sun must warm the flower to bloom,
The earth be softened by a shower,
Man hear the voice of sympathy
Ere he can feel affection's power.

It pleased him when the child was named—
Call it selfishness, or what you may—
And in his heart he felt him stirring,
Got more attached to him day after day.
And as he strong and healthy grew,
He oft would climb up on my knee,

Tearing my hair, while my pained look
Would fill the little one with glee. •

When at evening we sought Morningside,
Our labour of the day being o'er,
Throughout the house we heard his merry laugh,
His pattering feet upon the floor.
And when we all sat down to worship—
'Twas sweet to hear that family band—
Little Willie, lisping as he could,
The lively notes of "Happy Land."

How oft I've hugg'd him in those arms,
And gazed into his deep blue eyes ;
My finger led him first to walk,
My voice would oft arrest his cries.
And he was rather roguish, too—
Had quite a shrewd way of his own ;
I often found his eyes upon me
When I believed myself alone.

A change took place, the merry laugh
Was hushed, the pattering feet also ;
A little chair was vacant now,
Footsteps were quiet and slow.
And on the floor, neglected now,
His rattle and his drum ;
While near his little truckle bed
The family friends have come.

When I approached, he turned on me
His heavy laden'd eyes,
And tried to laugh—his piteous look—
But ended with faint cries.
It touched me, and I turned away—
Looked back his face to see;
But, oh! how much more then I felt,
His eyes were following me.

“The dear child's passing fast away!
I fear 'twill soon be o'er:”
Those words went through my heart with pain,
And I trembling all o'er
Sought out the quiet, where I could pray,
And, on my bended knees,
I poured forth earnest prayer to God
That He would still disease.

'Twas sinful! all I wished and prayed for
Little Willie might be spared;
Heaven and glory never crossed me—
No matter how his spirit fared.
The morning came, and sad his father's look,
And how I felt when he said, “Close the store;”
Hope's last fond spark then died within me,
And I was silent—all was o'er!

They dressed his corse with various flowers,
I saw him in his coffin laid—

Tears fell, affectionate words were spoken—
Before mine eyes his grave was made.
And at his funeral hymns were sung—
Some voices there almost divine—
The sobs of children mingling with them—
The mother's gaze, her babe hard to consign.

All this but filled me with regret,
I thought of him as fresh and bright,
I heard his merry laugh, and felt
His fond embrace, so loving tight.
And is this all! that form of clay!
This all of him we loved so well!
To lie in this cold, narrow bed—
Worms, and earth's things, their fare to tell.

On his sweet face, and little hands,
His wee feet, and his dimpling chin,
All will give way: O! gently fill
The little grave, for sake of him.
And I was discontented then—
I trust in God I'm now forgiven;
For since that time I have looked up,
I think of Willie now in Heaven.

The Child's Disclosure.

Little maiden, strange that I
Should be thus loth to pass thee by;
Thou art to me a vision bright,
Thy face is fair as morning light,
Thine eyes like stars in winter night.

Cheek and chin with dimples smile,
Round thy mouth plays many a wile,
Little white teeth peeping through,
Lips like rosebud wet with dew,
Eyebrow of the raven's hue.

Falling o'er thy slender neck
Are glossy curls of deepest jet;
Thy little bosom, plump and bare,
Is slightly tinged by desert air,
Yet well might vie with lily fair.

And what a little fairy hand,
And what small foot-prints on the sand;
Now as you look me in the face
A noble spirit I can trace,
Tho' almost hid by witching grace.

I have been in rural shades
Where I've seen sweet country maids;
Towns I've walk'd from street to street,
Faces fair I oft would meet—
Thine in beauty's most complete.

Nay, still thy blushes little maid,
I flatter not in what I've said;
Thy presence dear thoughts o'er me roll,
My words I cannot now control—
The charm has spread o'er all my soul.

Speak, that I may hear thy voice,
Hearing it I may rejoice;
Myself a little Niece once had—
But prythee, maiden, why so sad,
I wish to make thy young heart glad.

“O sir! you see yon trees that wave,
They grow beside my mother's grave;
I got some flowers from gardener John,
I planted them all round her stone,
And I am now returning home.

Yon white house, standing in the dell,
Is where I live, sir, with Aunt Bell:
When mother died, Aunt Bell was there,
She said she left me to her care,
And then looked up, and said her prayer.

And when they told me she was dead,
I ran to wake her in her bed,
But mother lay so cold and still,
It gave me, sir, a fright and chill,
And for a long time I was ill.

Aunt Bell was with me all the time—
And she was always good and kind;
She brought me many pretty toys,
And told me of good girls and boys,
Who loved God more than earthly joys.

And she would sing till I would sleep—
My books and playthings she would keep;
She's teaching me to read and sew,
She tells me of the flowers that grow,
And, sir, with her to church I go."

"I marvel much, my little maid,
In all the words that thou hast said,
No mention of a father's name;
Thou need'st not blush, as if with shame,
Thy negligence I would not blame.

Nay, look not so upon the ground,
Thy feelings, child, I would not wound;
Forgive me for the words I've said,
There too thy father may be laid,
And thou a little orphan maid."

“ O no, sir ! father’s living still,
But when I think my heart will fill,
He never comes to see me now,
He brought me presents, and, sir, how
He would so kiss my cheek and brow.

The last time father was at home
I’ll ne’er forget, tho’ it be long,
His face I often think I see,
So grieved then, and sad looked he,
And all that look was fixed on me.

When he left mother, I alone
Went out the house to see him gone,
I ran down to the garden door
To see him walk down by the shore,
Which I had often done before.

But when I reach’d the outer stair
My father he was standing there,
And O ! he looked so strange and wild,
But, sir, on me he kindly smiled,
And once he said ‘ God bless my child.’

He kissed me then, and firmly prest
Me to his heavy throbbing breast,
And then he hurried down the shore,
And soon I saw him ferried o’er,
And, sir, I ne’er saw father more.

When I return'd I met Aunt Bell,
And by her side old Doctor Fell :
Aunt Bell she whisper'd in my ear,
' Retire to our own chamber, dear—
Thy mother's sick, but do not fear—

She'll very soon be well again ;'
And then I heard her say, so plain—
' O Doctor ! that my sister Ann
Should e'er have loved so much this man—
I warned her when it first began.

And such a child, and such a mother.
To leave, thus helpless, for another,
False to his oath, false to his love,
False to the God who reigns above !
No, Doctor ! this man ne'er did love.

His soul for riches he has sold,
They'll freeze his heart and turn to mould.'
The Doctor said—' Yes, dear Miss Bell,
He now bids happiness farewell,
And carries in his breast a hell.'

These were the very words that passed ;
For since then, sir, I've kept them fast.
I've talked so often to Aunt Bell,
That of those things she might me tell,
It makes me them remember well.

When any questions I would put,
She ne'er gave answers that would suit;
She fretted much, and oft would say,
' My child, don't talk so wickedly,
I'll tell you all some other day.'

But Aunt has never told me yet,
And those things, sir, I can't forget,
I often think, and think again,
Until my head aches so with pain,
And wondering much, I think again."

" Now little maid, it pleases me
To hear thee talk so well and free,
And did thy own dear mother die
That time you mention; were you nigh
To kiss, and receive her last sigh?"

" At that time, sir, she did get well,
And oft could walk out with Aunt Bell,
Leaning on Aunt Bell's stout arm,
Wrapped in her plaid to keep her warm;
I've seen her walk as far's yon farm.

You see that little house of fir,
That is our post-office, sir;
Mother sent me twice a-day,
And sometimes oftener, to pay
Letters for mail, or meet post on the way.

And when I would take her a letter,
It very seldom made her better:
Sometimes it spread her face with gloom,
And she'd retire to her own room—
Our house so quiet, quiet as the tomb.

One day the mail had been much later—
It came, and only a newspaper;
I hurried with it home to mother;
If I had known, I would far rather
Have died, sir, than have given it to mother.

She turned it up, as if to trace
The words at a particular place,
And then I saw her eyes glance o'er—
She gave a shriek—so loud and sore,
And, sir, she fell upon the floor.

I ran to her—her breath had fled—
Her face was pale—I thought her dead;
And, when I could, I rang the bell,
And very soon, sir, all was well,
For very soon came dear Aunt Bell.

Aunt sprinkled water on her face,
Unclasped the buckle from her waist;
I saw my mother live again,
She looked at me as if with pain,
And then she closed her eyes again.

Aunt waved her hand for me to leave,
I did so, tho' it made me grieve;
The paper, so fatal to mother,
I did pick up, wondering whether
I'd know the part that so grieved mother.

I held it as I saw her hold it,
And like her, too, sir, I did fold it:
It told me about parishes,
And Sabbath-travelling carriages,
And gave a list of marriages.

I looked o'er all, but could not find
Aught there to satisfy my mind :
From that day, sir, she pined away,
So thin and pale in bed she lay—
She's now cold in her grave to-day."

"Come now, cheer up, my little maid,
Now banish from thy face the shade,
I trust thy mother's now in Heaven,
Tho' she is dead, her spirit's living;
A crown to her may now be given.

If thou and I are good, my child,
We'll meet her there, both meek and mild ;
We'll sing with her the praise of God ;
No more we'll feel affliction's rod,
But live in love and peace near God.

I'm glad thou hast so kind an Aunt,
And much, I pray, that Heaven may grant
She may be spared to raise thee well.
The sun now sinks beyond the dell—
God bless thee, child, goodbye, farewell ! ”

Oh ! what a weight is on my heart—
And must I thus with this child part;
Already she suspects the stain
That now surrounds her birth and name—
The future insult, and the pain.

I see it all, my little maid,
Shame and sorrow dark portrayed ;
O God ! that this should be the case,
That man should thus so vile efface
What's good and lovely in our race.

I scorn the man who meanly tries
All arts to gain the fair one's eyes—
And when secure of her frail heart
To act a base seducer's part—
Boasting of this as being smart.

More do I scorn that man when he
Would wear that sullied jewel free—
A solemn promise to her make
Of holy marriage as the bait—
She sacrificing for his sake

Her own good name, her friends, her home,
In faith with him to live or roam ;—
And when that man through many years
Still keeps her up, midst hopes and fears—
Proof against all her burning tears.

And when a young immortal, too,
Looks up with heavenly eyes so true
For him to act a father's part,
Would it not melt the hardest heart,
And make the manly ire to start.

When wealth comes, he to leave for it
The hearts that were to his own knit,
And strive with all the power he can
To stifle fond love's rising pang—
I do despise, and scorn that man.

The wrath of God may slumber now,
And calm may be that false man's brow,
And here he may deceive us all,
But soon or late that wrath will fall,
And crush that man with curse of all.

The Sabbath School.

'Tis hallowed by associations
Of a loving, peaceful kind—
A green spot on the field of nations,
A light that beams on soul and mind.

Within its glorious influence
It welcomes each and every one,
Embracing in a catholic sense
All ranks and hue beneath the sun.

It matters not how rich or poor,
White or Black, 'tis all the same—
The Sabbath school has open door
For all who love the Christian name.

It is a sight that sweetly tells,
Children neatly clad and clean,
At early call of Sabbath bells,
Through city-lane, or village green,

Repairing to the Sabbath school,
Oft joined by teacher on the way,
Who, to make his instruction full,
Will deign to preach a simple lay.

His text may be the wayside flower,
Or the beggar on the street;
Or he may moralise with power
From ragged urchins with bare feet.

When all are met within the school,
They seem bound by a silken tie ;
For harmony is sure to rule
What angels love to hover nigh.

And when those children rise to sing,
The devil trembles to come near,
And as their spring-toned praise takes wing,
'Tis welcomed in the heavenly sphere.

To see them pressing forward all
To mission box, with raised hands,
Putting therein—does it not fall
As drops of dew for heathen lands.

What man could view with careless air
The exercises they go through,
To see them all kneel down in prayer,
And some of them so little too.

Their teachers' looks so earnest mild,
While they endeavour to instil
Into the mind of youth and child
Some saving knowledge, with good will.

It is indeed a noble task—
The teacher who keeps firm and true
Will brightly yet in glory bask,
E'en though the souls he gains be few.

One jewel in the Saviour's crown
Will shine with such resplendent ray;
What though the present darkly frown,
And fruits appear of long delay.

This jewel's lustre will bring smiles
From darkest frown, and fill the breast
Of him who thus unwearied toils
With holy joy, and blissful rest.

Full many a traveller on life's road
Has been arrested—living fast—
Called back to duty, and to God,
Through memories of the Sabbath class.

A word, a look, a simple hymn,
May spring up with such saving power;
Bless'd by the Spirit to the soul of him—
Remember'd till his dying hour.

Let all our missionaries tell
How does the Sabbath school now stand;
Methinks I see their bosoms swell,
And hear them shout o'er sea and land.

Prayer for its welfare swells their hearts—
Their shout is, still keep moving on
Thou nursery for the church—its parts
Enlarge and strengthen every one.

And so say I, who aids in this
Will hasten on that glorious time
When all on earth in peace and bliss
Shall worship Christ as God Divine.

The Captain's Wife.

Like sentinel grim and stern,
It rose before the eye,
From out the deep blue wave,
Denoting danger nigh,

When night her sable mantle
Had o'er the waters thrown,
To warn the mariner, how bright
The lighthouse beacon shone.

Though a wild and dreary home,
With rough and sultry air,
It hindered not a beauteous bud
From blooming sweetly there.

A very fair young child,
Cradled in the storm,
Her nursery song the sea-bird's cry,
Her ideas first form—

The distant ship, with sails unfurled,
Warily steering round her home;
Or the life-boat which her father oared,
Dashing through the waves' white foam

What though her native breeze
Was not an inland one,
She was as fair a flower
As bloom'd 'neath mildest sun.

Her alabaster brow
Might have a slight peach tinge—
It corresponded well
With her blue eyes' dark fringe.

And the light of those blue eyes—
A drop of the morning dew
On the harebell, sparkling in the sun,
Reflected those eyes true.

With sylph-like form and air,
A voice that touched the heart
As softest note, when ablest hand
Touches Eolian harp.

In all she said and did
A winning way of her own;
While the light of her sweet face
So expressively shone.

It told of beauties to come,
Though hid the diamond now—
Dazzlingly it yet will shine
In halo o'er her brow.

The city belle may say,
And the village coquette, too,
What need of such bright charms
To one seen by so few.

The lily of the vale
Blooms not the less fair,
Nor waves less gracefully,
Though few admire it there.

Nor for itself alone
It scents the passing breeze,
Kissed by bee and butterfly,
And shaded by the trees.

The flower of whom I sing
Spent school days ashore,
And one came by her side
Whose eye could wander o'er

All her sweet ways and loveliness;
And oft he would her aid
In that which looked as difficult,
By the sea side as they strayed.

He conned to her the lesson deep,
Or where nature would seem
Dangerous, he would her guide
O'er woodland path and stream.

Sitting by the sea shore,
They would make a fleet
Of tiny ships, with paper sails,
And launch them in the deep.

Earnestly they watch'd
Their progress o'er the wave,
And as they stood the breeze,
A hearty cheer they gave.

When older they became
They had a wish to roam,
Something new to see,
Farther from their home.

Walking where the ships lie,
Looking round and round—
Stepping over ropes and chains,
And parts of tarry ground.

And well he loves those ships,
Their captains and their crew,
And even for his sake
She loves them well too.

His father is a captain—
He'll be a captain too:
And the boy's dark eyes flash
As fancy paints it true.

Oft he climbs the rigging,
Sitting on the spars,
Moving to the yard's arm—
Looked at by the tars.

And this little girl,
Trembling all the while,
Scarcely can look up
Till she sees him smile.

Danger then seems over,
And she claps her hands,
Soon, warm by her side,
Her would be sailor stands.

'Tis a day in August,
With a stirring breeze,
The water's in a silver dance,
And the sea shore trees

Bow their heads coquettishly,
The ships and waves keep time,
The many coloured flags
Perform a pantomime.

Waving ripe and yellow
Distant fields are seen,
Whilst loud huzzas resound
From the village green.

A band of boys and girls
Running to the quay,
For to reach yon ship
Before they anchor weigh.

They see standing on deck
The hearty old captain,
Bowing to the crowd ashore—
By his side his son.

'Tis our little hero,
Rigged in sailor dress;
His schoolmates cheer, while he
Looks for one, I guess:

The same little girl
We have seen before—
Sees her with a napkin,
Standing on the shore.

And she ever waves it;
By other girls looked at;
He returns it with a flourish
Of his new sailor hat.

So he leaves, and think you
The sailor boy's forgot ;
His very name is treasured now,
The same loved scenes are sought.

And this little girl,
When a woman grown,
And quite companionless,
Walks those haunts alone.

Deeper on her young heart
His image is engraved;
She reads of naval heroes
Who many tempests braved.

And when she sees a sailor,
A youth not quite man grown,
Her heart beats, as she fancies
He may be like her own.

News are in the village,
The ship is homeward bound,
With cargo from the Indies,
The words fly round and round.

“ Years now since he left us—
Is recollection dim ;
Or does he remember me
As I've remembered him ?”

As she asks the question,
Quick comes up the thought,
Foreign lands his heart has wean'd,
And I am quite forgot.

Sitting at the window,
Looking at the sun
Making golden exit,
As daily race is run,

She sees a shadow pass,
The figure of a man,
It stops, and now a knock—
To the door she ran.

Her visitor and she
Stand before each other—
Not a word is spoken,
They gaze on one another.

A deeper red her cheek,
Her bosom heaving higher;
He has the hope for her,
No more he need inquire.

His feelings now are such
That he dare not tarry;
He breathes the name of Mary,
And she that of Harry.

Is this little Mary
He left on the quay,
A woman now refined,
And sweet as e'er could be.

And is this little Harry;
To say no is a sin;
Love's passion in his eyes,
The down upon his chin.

Our sailor now is mate,
And the wish is strong,
Alongside, now to make
This tidy craft his own.

She heaves to, and is anchor'd
As his promised wife,
And when he comes home captain
They'll live the married life.

And so he left, and she,
His good angel now,
Minds his weal, when she pays
Her morn and evening vow.

Who can tell the power
Of pure and feeling prayer?
It soars to heaven, and brings
Good spirits in the air.

They'll hover round young Harry,
With evil ones at war,
Of which, sure more or less,
We all possessed are.

Mary saw the snowdrop
Three times bloom and die;
The rose is fainter on her cheek,
Less sparkling her blue eye.

Fewer now the letters
From the foreign parts;
The bitter March winds howl;
Now and anon she starts.

The honeysuckle blooms
Round the cottage door—
Her slender fingers train it,
And things look as before.

“O! surely he will come
Ere those flowers are gone”—
Placing her geraniums
On the window stone.

Fields are white with harvest,
Reapers are abroad,
Nature's full, and richly clad,
Fresh from the hand of God.

Yet, there is no Harry—
Mary hears his kin
Has received a letter,
Dated at Pekin.

She longs to hear of Harry,
If he's safe and well,
And when he will be home,
And all that they can tell.

O ! how changed her mother,
(She who would soon be so,)
Her looks chill'd Mary's blood,
And filled her breast with woe.

“ My boy would have been here
A year ago and more,
If it had not been for you;
You keep him from ashore.”

And Mary has to learn
Slander had been rife;
It was told to Harry
His intended wife

Was courted by another;
They often walk'd alone;
The very name was given
Of the favoured one.

And harder things were said;
Harry, captain now,
Turns his back on home,
With stern and cloudy brow.

A cruel thing is slander,
It robs the turtle nest,
The brightest gem it sullies,
The strongest faith 'twill test.

Its sire is pale-faced envy,
Its children broken hearts;
'Tis not the mean, but noble,
It pierces with its darts.

You've seen the fragile lily
Drooping in a storm,
Low and lower bending,
Till nearly hid its form.

There comes a summer shower,
Its head begins to rise,
And when the sun shines on it,
'Tis fairer in our eyes.

Thus it was with Mary,
A while she pined away—
So dark the cloud around her,
She saw no peep of day.

Yet the sun beyond it
Comes up with bright ray:
It beams in on Mary—
The cloud has passed away.

Dress'd with orange blossom,
Harry by her side,
The church is filled with whispers—
“How beautiful the bride!”

A solemn rite is marriage,
Those hearts are linked as one,
For better or for worse,
Till earthly race is run.

And each other's foibles
They are made to bear,
Their whims and little jealousies,
Their griefs and joys to share.

But however happy
Be the married state,
The seaman must be brief,
Be he low or great.

The captain and the sailor
Are both upon a par
With the dear one of their bosom,
When they a parting are.

Their floating bride awaits them,
When they had just began
To taste those nectar joys
Essential to man.

Who can tell the parting ?
None but them who marry;
A tar or his young wife;
Ask Mary and her Harry.

So soon, when they in bliss
The few short days had pass'd;
Before him so much danger,
And this may be the last—

The last look, the last kiss,
A look and kiss once more—
Another, and another,
Before he leaves the shore.

So Harry left—'twas long
Ere he again returned;
His Mary was the same,
Her love still purely burned.

And thus it ever was,
Their meetings were as glad,
While gazing on each other,
As their partings were sad.

Mary oft had heard
Tales of captains' wives,
Who in their husbands' absence
Led dissolute lives.

No doubt exaggerated,
Still such things sank deep
Within the heart of Mary,
And from such she could reap.

She's ever on her guard
To lead a virtuous life,
And she adds more dignity
To the captain's wife.

Two little cherubs sent
Fresh from Heaven above,
Brings a cheering ray to home,
And fills it more with love.

Parents feel their children
Of themselves a part,
And that part to be
Woven through their heart.

While this fond pair felt,
And would their children view
With pride, they ne'er forgot
They were immortal too.

O, what a charge the mother's !
A jewel out of ground—
In her hand to rust earthy,
Or sparkle in a crown.

Mary and the ocean
Are acquainted now—
She has been with Harry
Where the lemons grow.

Fields of sugar cane,
And the rich grape vine,
Fig and pomegranate,
The orange and the pine.

Take a look of Mary,
On board the ship at sea—
A bright boy at her foot,
And one upon her knee.

She reading or sewing—
Listening to the crew
Singing, as they labour,
Sea songs bold and true.

And storm had Mary seen—
Squall and heavy gale ;
And tho' she'd sometimes tremble,
And her cheek turn pale,

She would look on Harry,
And fresh courage take—
Prepared to live or die,
E'en for his dear sake.

Oft their hearts are gladden'd
Looking at their son,
As up and down the deck
He would gaily run—

Playing with the watch dog—
Sancho feigns to bite—
Rolling o'er each other,
Coming off all right.

This boy so loved has sicken'd :
As they watch his face,
More and more transparent
The features they now trace.

The plump cheeks gone, the eyes
Fixed on his mother,
Tell an unearthly tale,
While she knows not whether

She can live to bury
Her darling in the ocean;
How much woe she to forego,
When his heart ceases motion.

Now within the cabin
All the ship's crew stand
Round their little favourite;
The old mate takes his hand.

“ I reckon'd once this craft
Was built of such a form
That she would yet sail straight,
And weather many a storm.

But you are nearing port,
Timbers loose, and parted brace’—
And the big tears roll down
His weather-beaten face.

And other tears fall fast;
The captain melts down then;
And heavy sobs break out
From stout-hearted men.

A stillness over all,
The ship, the crew, and sea;
E'en Sancho seems to share
The quiet feeling that be.

A little coffin placed
So to lower down
Into the ocean's bosom—
Uncover'd heads stand round.

And as it sinks below,
The blue wave o'er it rolls—
The parents, who can fathom
The anguish of their souls ?

Thus the captain's wife
Had "crooks in her lot,"
But hope remain'd her anchor,
The good she ever sought.

When o'er her golden locks
Threads of silver came,
Graces of her heart and mind,
Kept alive love's flame.

And Harry in old age,
Sitting by her side,
Is as fresh in feeling
As when he wed his bride.

Here perfect bliss not known,
A brighter world above,
This aged couple's waiting for,
Where all is peace and love.

And when our Mary dies,
In looking o'er her life,
We would have her epitaph—
A true captain's wife.

Songs.

Songs.

Queen Victoria.

WE Britons love our own good Queen,
Her worth has made our hearts her own;
It spreads a glory o'er our land,
And 'tis her worth calls forth my song.

CHORUS.

God bless and save our own good Queen,
Our Lady, Queen Victoria;
And long may she be spared to reign,
In health and peace all over us.

When other thrones in Europe shook
Great Britain stood firm as a rock;
Our Queen basked in her subjects' smiles,
And round her fallen monarchs flock'd.

CHORUS.

God bless and save our own good Queen,
Our Lady, Queen Victoria;
May we for ever guard her free
From ills that might come over her.

Victoria in her life shines forth,
A bright example to us all;
In vain does malice her assail—
On their own head 'tis sure to fall.

CHORUS.

God bless and save our own good Queen,
Our Lady, Queen Victoria;
May we her people worthy be,
Of all her faith reposed in us.

Our Queen has been admired by all,
As maiden, wife, and mother dear;
Her virtues has adorn'd our Court,
It breathes a purer atmosphere.

CHORUS.

God bless and save our own good Queen,
Our Lady, Queen Victoria,
Her Consort, and her children too—
God spare them to Victoria.

Let thistle, rose, and shamrock wave
Their heads in triumph over a',
While we shout forth in heart-felt prayer,
Long live and reign Victoria.

CHORUS.

God bless and save our own good Queen,
Our Lady, Queen Victoria;
Shout, shout, ye Britons, ever shout,
Long live and reign Victoria.

Mary Reid.

Mary, thou art very fair,
My song shall be of thee ;
Whate'er may be the words or air,
I'm now inspired by thee.
I see thy form before me,
I mark its artless grace,
And love is dawning o'er me,
As I gaze on thy sweet face.

I never dreamt of such bright eyes,
Soft, and of deepest blue—
The lovely ray that in them lies
Bespeaks a soul that's true.
How fine the velvet lashes fall,
And then so kindly rise—
A light spreads o'er her features all,
That minds one of the skies.

Like raven's wing her shady hair,
'Tis braided so to show
A thin small ear, and brow that's fair,
And white as falling snow.

And her's is no majestic mien,
Yet she moves with love's power;
She courts the shade—oft flower unseen
Is queen of all the bower.

With all her loveliness she seems
From vanity apart;
Her aim's to bask in Heaven's own beams,
Perfection of the heart.
And this I'll say—of woman race
None in beauty can exceed,
Nor fairer could the poet trace,
Than she I sing of, Mary Reid.

The Rowan Tree on Kennel Lea.

CHORUS.

The rowan tree on Kennel Lea,
The rowan tree at Kennel,
O! well that tree now claims from me
A song of it, and Kennel.

How oft in childhood we have strayed
All around the Kennel,

And panting we would seek the shade
Of the rowan tree at Kennel.
We spread our store of gathered fruits,
On the fresh green grass were seated,
While the laugh went round with merry sound,
And the traveller oft we greeted.
The rowan tree, &c.

O! then we climbed its rugged trunk,
Out on its branches ventured,
And where the fruit hung thick and red,
Our legs cross therè we centered;
Filling laps, and rough blue caps—
Bright eyes upwards glancing;
Stringing beads, and painting cheeks;
With our rustic sweethearts dancing.
The rowan tree, &c.

Now many years have come and gone
Since I was last at Kennel,
And a foreign sun has on me shone,
Far, far away from Kennel.
But I have aye remembered thee,
Dear rowan tree at Kennel,
And while I live my wish will be
To see thee yet at Kennel.
The rowan tree, &c.

They ask her for to Sing the Air.

They ask her for to sing the air—
That air he loved so well—
Her eyes have now a fixed stare,
High is her bosom's swell.
Her faltering lips frame an excuse—
They press her but the more—
Her gentle nature can't refuse,
One struggle, 'twill be o'er.

Her voice is falling on the ear,
Soft as the summer breeze—
She knows how many now are near,
She strives to sing with ease.
But memory cheats her of command,
Scenes glide before her view,
Thought wanders to a foreign land,
Where breathes her lover true.

The bower beside the grassy brook,
Where they so often met—
His deep-toned voice, his loving look,
She never will forget.

She sees him kneel before her sire,
His ruddy cheek turn pale—
He has to bear her father's ire,
Who spurns her lover's tale.

He sets a price upon his child,
As if gold could her win;
'Tis high as hills, and mountains piled—
Her lover must give in.
One fond kiss, and then they part—
He to a distant clime—
She left to cherish in her heart
The love of former time.

“ And must I then be forced to smile,
And sing to please each one,
While he I love is made to toil
Beneath a burning sun.”
Her voice is heard to tremble now,
Trembling her slender frame—
A cloud's upon her lovely brow—
She faints, breathing his name.

Be up, Britons, up!

CHORUS.

Be up, Britons, up,
Be up, and stirring now,
And let us win with dignity
Fresh laurels for our brow.

Our enemy is in the field,
His wrath on us to shower,
But we will die ere we will yield
Unto a despot's power.
Too long they have encroach'd on rights
Held sacred by us all—
Kind words have failed, we'll now arrest
With bayonet and ball.
Be up, Britons, &c.

To shield the weak from grasping foes,
It is a righteous cause—
How weak, then, the advice of those
Who would have us to pause.
No, we will rush at freedom's call,
And bless the welcome sound,

In honour fight, and live or fall,
Upon the Crimean ground.
Be up, Britons, &c.

Norah Crane.

When but a youth in Erin's Isle
I met with Norah Crane,
She was the first to touch my heart,
And light within love's flame.
And though we two were very poor,
We wed—a fond young pair:
What though I toiled from morn till night
I yet was happy there.

CHORUS.

O! where art thou, my own dear wife,
Shall I see thy face again—
I follow hard the Indian's track,
And yet no Norah Crane.

A time came when I had no work,
And pale grew Norah's cheek ;

Around us neighbours died of want—

My strong arm now grew weak.

We bade adieu to Erin's shore

For this country large and free—

In love and plenty then we lived

In this land of Cherokee.

O ! where art thou, &c.

I went into the fields one day

To gather in our grain,

I stooped where Norah sat and sewed,

And kissed my Norah Crane.

I little dreamt it was the last—

I ne'er saw her again—

When I returned our home was burned,

And gone my Norah Crane.

O ! where art thou, &c.

Among the embers red they found

The body of our boy—

The sight of him has fired my brain,

And dried up all my joy.

O'er prairie wild I wander now,

Through swamp, by lake, and shore,

Still trusting I may yet behold

My Norah Crane once more.

O ! where art thou, &c.

Mobile's Fair Lucile.

It was a large plantation,
A few miles from Mobile,
Which yielded cotton many a bale,
And owned by Hiram Neale.
Old Hiram had great riches,
Which made him proudly feel ;
But the richest treasure Hiram had
Was his fair child Lucile.

CHORUS.

Mobile's fair Lucile,
O ! Mobile's fair Lucile—
A pure bright gem, where all is dark,
Is Mobile's fair Lucile.

Miss Lucile first came out
As Mobile's gayest belle,
In jewels bright, with brighter eyes,
Which very soon did tell.
Handsome rich young beaus
Courtied fair Lucile,

But long before she made a choice
She startled all Mobile.
Mobile's fair Lucile, &c.

A change came o'er Lucile—
Her friends all mark'd it well—
And she is now no longer known
As Mobile's gay young belle.
Her jewels all have vanish'd,
And all her rich attire,
And she now wears the simplest dress
The plainest might desire.
Mobile's fair Lucile, &c.

Lucile read "Uncle Tom"—
It made her deeply feel;
And Scripture spread her ray of light
O'er the heart of fair Lucile.
Her jewels weighed her down,
In silks she could not stand,
She saw 'twas with the blood of souls
That she was rich and grand.
Mobile's fair Lucile, &c.

An uncle died, and left Lucile
Of servants quite a store—
She gave them all their liberty,
Which grieved her father sore.

He could not see as Lucile saw,
He had been blind too long,
And he discarded his fair child
For this great heinous wrong.
Mobile's fair Lucile, &c.

Among her suitors there was one
Who stood the test of all;
He loved her for herself alone,
And Lucile loved her Paul.
She gave him her fair hand—
He now protects Lucile—
The glory of her principles
He soon was made to feel.
Mobile's fair Lucile, &c.

Old Hiram fretted till he died—
His wealth went to this pair—
They touch'd it not, they freed all hands,
And the money funded there.
For the freedom of the slave
'Twas used by fair Lucile,
And they are ridiculed for this
By all that's in Mobile.
Mobile's fair Lucile, &c.

A time will come when that they've done
Shall be appreciated;

How many hearts in other parts
To their cause are related.
And while I live I'll sing,
And hard hearts yet will feel,
And many shall rise up and bless
Mobile's fair Lucile.
Mobile's fair Lucile, &c.

Promised to Another.

Maiden, turn away thy face !
I cannot look on thee ;
The beauty I once loved to trace
Has now no charm for me.
The casket may be very fair—
May dazzle thoughtless youth ;
But, ah ! the diamond is not there :
That diamond, maid, is truth.

How much I loved ! full well you know
My soul was bound in thee ;
It needed not fine words to show
How dear you were to me.

A crowd admiring followed you—
I saw them play their part :
I gathered hope—addressing you
Spontaneous from the heart.

With coldness you received the vow
My first fond love taught me—
You mocked my pain : and, maiden, now
Do I triumph o'er thee.
O no ! tho' I have promised true
Another for my bride,
Believe me, I feel deeply too
For her now by my side.

Hurt with thy scorn, I sought the shade
To calm my tortured breast ;
Soon after, one sweet lovely maid
Lulled all thy scorn to rest.
And she I love returns the same,
Nor strives her love to smother :
Dear maiden, I am not to blame—
Promised to another.

Artless Leila.

Tho' faces strange I see,
And many handsome be,
My heart is still with Leila.
I may roam the world all o'er,
And be no wiser than before,
For the idol of my fancy is Leila.
Leila, Leila,
How I love my Leila—
She's just a sample given
Of the spirits pure in Heaven,
And I love my artless Leila.

I am mixing with mankind,
And I miss what's left behind—
The influence of Leila.
She would refine the dross
That now comes my soul across,
For pious is the heart of Leila.
Leila, Leila,
O! to be with Leila;
When you talk of love divine
Her countenance will shine,
And I love my artless Leila.

When I look into her eyes
Good thoughts within me rise,
And I grow calm near Leila.
A tale of other's woe
Makes her pearly tears to flow,
And kind is the voice of Leila.
Leila, Leila,
Give me but my Leila;
Now true my heart tells me
That my little wife she'll be,
For I love my artless Leila.

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My own Folks at Home.

Far away, near the church and river,
Peeping through the trees,
My own cottage home, with its curling smoke,
Spreading in the healthy breeze.
There when alone my mind will wander,
'Tis fresh where'er I roam,
Green and sunny, with its white pebbled shore,
The place of my own Folks at Home.

All around seems dry and dreary,
And my head and heart aches sore;

Come mother, come, lay thy soft hand on me,
Let thy Willie see thy face once more.
O ! to spend one Sabbath evening
In that home of peace and love;
O ! to hear my good old father
As he prays for a blessing from above.

The morning comes, and the night draws near,
But they bring no joy to me,
No kind word ever falls on my ear,
No heart-smile can I see.
All my hard-earned gold can't bring me
My Nell, and sisters three;
If they saw me thus how deeply pain'd
Those fond young hearts would be.

The curling lip I have to bear,
And the cold suspicious eye;
O ! I am often now so sad and weary
I could lay me down and die.
I am content if they but lay me
In the church-yard where I'm from,
My quiet green grave on the banks of the Clyde,
And seen by my own Folks at Home.

Touch not a Scotchman's Rights.

Who marks not the spirit that now stalks abroad
To humble us Scotch, and to tread 'neath the sod
Those national emblems, which we so much prize,
And exalt its own country at our sacrifice?
It styles us as English—our army also—
And when on the field our brave Scots lie low—
Or when led by Sir Colin, the first on the ground,
Then the feats of the English army they sound.

CHORUS.

Now they better beware, ere they wake from its lair
The lion of our thistle clad heights,
Or we'll do what we've done, in the light of the sun,
So touch not a Scotchman's rights.

Our ancient arms they would deprive of their crown,
And daily before us they set their forms down,
Believing, no doubt, we will soon imitate,
And succumb to the land they consider so great.
Is it not now amusing to hear them talk so,
As if Britons forgot what took place long ago?

We gave England her king—he a son of our own;
And the blood of our Stuarts still sits on the throne.

Now they better beware, &c.

History yet shows us what Scotland can claim,
And the man who would dare to rob us of that fame
Will be spurn'd by all true men, and held up to view
As traitor to Queen, and his native land too.
Think they the spirit is dead, or turn'd cold,
The spirit that moved William Wallace of old—
We may bear for a time, but soon will come our turn,
And we'll gain what Bruce gain'd at our famed Ban-
nockburn.

Now they better beware, &c.

The thistle will lovingly twine with the rose,
If it like the shamrock confidingly grows—
If those three would flourish as flowers on one stem,
Great Britain would shine as the earth's brightest gem.
But if the rose hastens, and swells thus with pride,
To o'erreach, and look down on, those two by her side,
Will the thistle not jag her, and waste all her bloom—
Take a warning in time, while your rose has perfume.

Now they better beware, &c.

Helen's Blooming still the same.

Helen's blooming still the same—

She is nature's darling pet—

Years since first I felt love's flame:

O! how warm it kindles yet.

Time has but improved those charms

That startled me when but a boy—

Now I could clasp her in mine arms,

And kiss her with a lover's joy.

My boyish love she oft would chide,

Aye teaching me in good to grow :

My heart still drew me to her side,

And prompted me my love to show.

That boyish love has stood the test

Of foreign scenes, and fair maids too ;

She was my bright star of the west—

The one that kept me right and true.

Many woo,—she yet retains

Her heart in its own place :

Tho' they leave the maiden reigns,

Keeping aye a blooming face.

Helen's blooming still the same—
Is she blooming thus for me ?
My boyhood love, do not me blame,
Thus hoping, I am loved by thee.



Virginia is my Home.

Dear husband, you tell me the rose on my cheek
Is fading fast away,—
That you hear no more my merry laugh,
Nor my footstep light and gay.
You tell me, too, that I love you not—
That makes my heart feel sore:
When you see my tears, then know it is this—
The thought of Virginia's shore.

CHORUS.

O ! let us go back to Virginia State—
I love it wherever we roam :
My heart it will break if you don't take me there—
Virginia is my home.

You remember the time when you courted me—
O ! how could we ever forget—

You said, when I promised to leave all for thee,
 “ I’ll be kind to my own little Bet.”
You took me then to your home of the north,
 To pine away and die—
I try to be happy, my dear it won’t do,
 For my native shore I sigh.
 O ! let us go back, &c.

My mother, she sits on the piazza—
 And she’s always looking this way:
She thinks it strange that her only child
 Should be gone thus far away.
I must see her, and my poor old father,
 And help to lighten their care:
I’ll see once more my sister’s grave,
 And the tree I planted there.
 O ! let us go back, &c.

If you wish to bring back the rose to my cheek,
 To hear my voice gladsome again,
To keep your wife from a broken heart,
 And no more to hear her complain,
Then let her breathe Virginia’s air,
 Let her walk Virginia’s shore,
And let her live near Virginians dear,
 And never leave them more.
 O ! let us go back, &c.

Ellen Lismore.

Cold blew the blast when young Ellen left Lismore,
Dark was the night, and dreary the way;
Harsh was the wave as it beat 'gainst the rocky shore—
Mournful the cry of Ellen's baby.
Close to her bosom, her arms circled round him,
Her thin apron spread his tender form o'er,
Her eyes so despairingly turned up to Heaven—
Forced thus from home, young Ellen Lismore.

Lovely and pure as the fairest flower blooming
At one time was Ellen, ere love made her stray;
The tempter he came, and with arts rare and pleasing,
To the heart of young Ellen he forced his way.
But soon found young Ellen it was for her ruin—
No mother had she to advise or console;
Leaving her place with the fruit of her weakness,
She seeks now with shame her father's threshold.

And thus he has turn'd her adrift from his dwelling—
O! hard is the heart which no charity shows:
One false step in life should ne'er meet with such treat-
ment—
There is fragrant perfume e'en in a soiled rose.

You may search, cruel sire, for thy child in the morning—
In the snow on the mountain she sleeps now at rest;
Look on the sweet face by thine own hand made lifeless—
O! look on the child lying cold at her breast.

Retta.

She lives where the pine tree grows,
Where the white man wanders free—
Where the breeze of the south sweetly blows,
Where the firefly sparkles with glee.
She's the sun of her home through the day—
She's the star of her home through the night—
No fancy or dream of ethereal ray
Could picture a vision more bright.

In the gay crowd I first saw her face,
And her look kept me near all the while;
I felt harmonized by her grace,
And I warm'd in her orient smile.
She is look'd on as something divine
By her ebony servants around:
How clear does their dark faces shine
As Retta lightly walks o'er the ground.

Her voice charms the most gifted ear—
For she pours forth the notes from her soul;
Listen, and you feel she is dear—
All bow 'neath her pleasant control.
And one thing 'bove all pleases me—
Her love she has artlessly shown:
My prayer now will ardently be
That she reign in my heart queen alone.

Rosalie.

In a vale in old Cathcart,
Uli, Ali, Olæe,
Down by the banks of the clear white Cart
First I met young Rosalie.
I saw the lily waving there,
The rosebud opening fresh and fair—
The pink and daisy deck'd the lea,
But sweeter far was Rosalie.

CHORUS.

Then the sun shone fair on me,
Wooing there my Rosalie—
Dark clouds now I only see,
For now I mourn my Rosalie.

Scarce twenty years had o'er her flown,
Uli, Ali, Olæe,
When just about to be my own
Like angel fair she pass'd from me.
My flower was nipt in all her bloom—
Death sent her to an early tomb:
She's gone for ever, lost to me,
My dear young charming Rosalie.

CHORUS.

There is a spot that's growing green,
Uli, Ali, Olæe,
I love to go there morn and e'en—
The little grave of Rosalie.

Birds are singing o'er my head,
Uli, Ali, Olæe;
Flowers are blooming where I tread,
Reminding me of Rosalie.
Friends are smiling all around,
And wealth pours in with flattering sound;
But joy they'll never bring to me—
All joy has fled with Rosalie.

CHORUS.

Cold she sleeps, my life's bright star,
Uli, Ali, Olæe;
I may search both near and far,
And ne'er find one like Rosalie.

Mary Queen of Scots.

Beauteous Mary Queen of Scots,
Thy minstrel true I wish to be—
I fain would wipe away the spots
That cruel hearts have dropp'd on thee.

Time now is making clear
Thy history's darkest scene;
Thy wrongs make poor old Scotland tear—
Scots now love their injured Queen.

Sorrow, with a threatening frown,
Marked thee early for her own;
And those who should have kept it down,
They aided 'gainst thy life and throne.

Yet foe and rival felt
So much thy beauty's spell,
Their ire before thee oft did melt,
And they would leave, admiring well.

When thy lips the wine cup prest,
'Twas seen to purple through thy veins;

E'en this itself might be a test
To raise the Poet's highest strains.

And then thy soul o'erflowed
With love and poesy;
Grace and wit so sparkling glowed,
That hearts were charmed and drawn to thee.

In thy hour of deepest woe,
With no friend near thee to console,
A noble spirit thou didst show,
And, dying, triumphed o'er the whole.

Though thou art gone, thy fame
Is spreading far and wide—
Mary Stuart is a name
The world now owns with love and pride.

Claribell.

CHORUS.

Hast thou a heart that loves me,
Save it, save it—
Hast thou a heart that loves me,
Save it for me.

I tremble when I see thee
Dressed in such rich finery—
Wealthy suitors wooing thee,
Sweet Claribell !
Oh, my heart is breaking quite,
Seeing thee so gay and bright—
Dancing with them every night—
Cruel Claribell !

Hast thou a heart, &c.

When first my Clari's love I sought,
She wore short gown and petticoat,
Living in a rural cot
Was Claribell.

I, the one who loved her then—
Which of those rich gay young men

Went to woo her in the glen
When poor Claribell?

Hast thou a heart, &c.

Though an heiress now she be,
She is still beloved by me;
Fairer maid I cannot see
Than Claribell.
I will wed her if I find
She keeps her good heart and mind
Free from all that heartless kind,
My own Claribell.

Hast thou a heart, &c.

But should my Claribell now scorn
The love of one that's lowly born,
Who has no jewels to adorn
His Claribell:
Preferring coronets to hearts,
Flattering lips to manly parts,
I would say, though keen love's darts,
Farewell Claribell!

Hast thou a heart, &c.



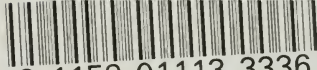


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